

Herald's

Umps Called It A Big
Double and the Fans
Called Him A Big Dub.

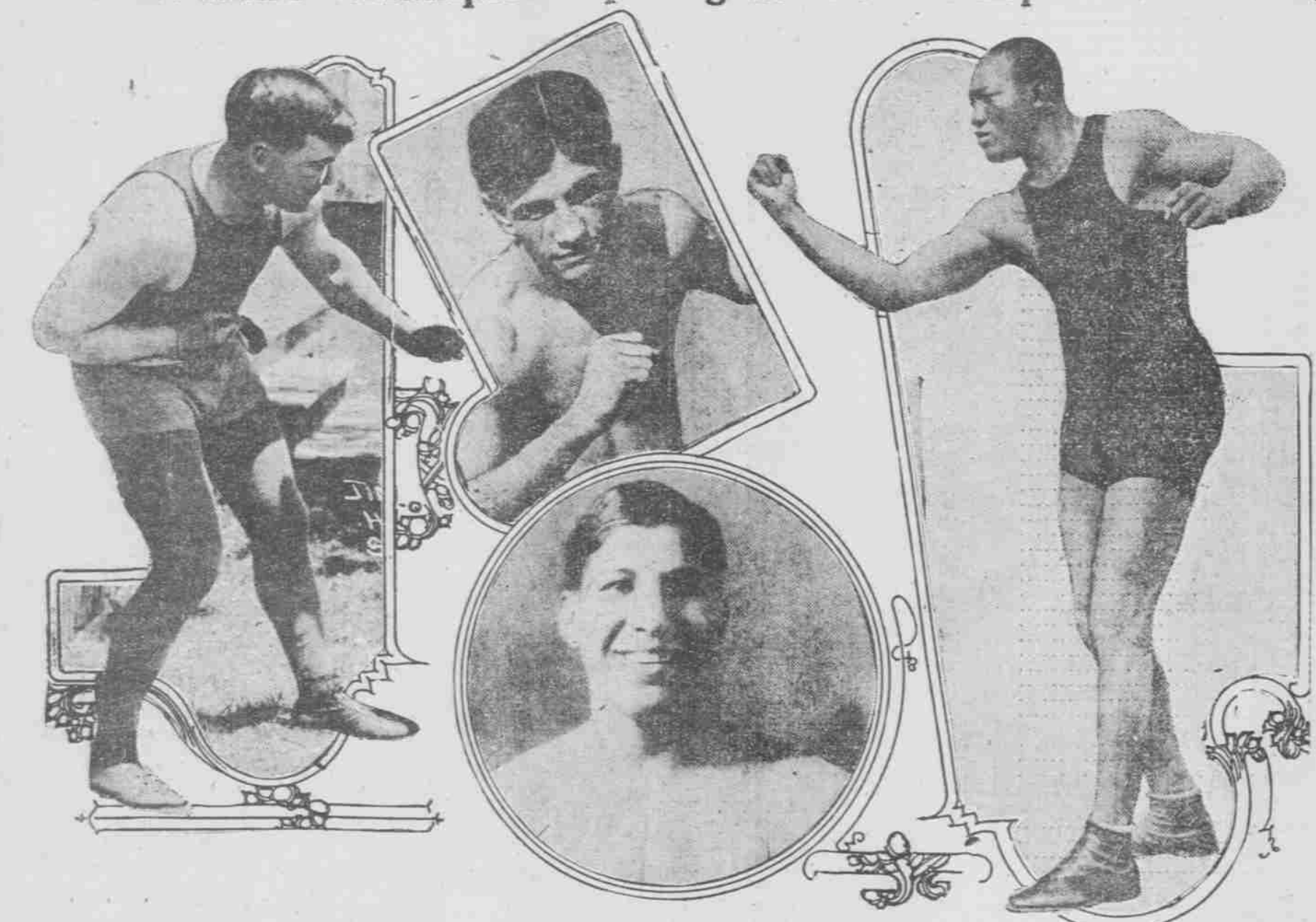
Sporting

Jack Johnson Will Give Us
A Bag Punching Exhibition
At Las Vegas, On July Fourth.

Page

(EDITED BY TIMOTHY TURNER)

Two World's Championship Fights For Independence Day



Jim Flynn, the Pueblo fireman, at extreme left, and Jack Johnson, at extreme right, will fight for the heavyweight championship of the world, at Las Vegas, N. M., in a bout scheduled to go 45 rounds.

Ad Wolgast, at top, and Joe Rivers, below, will fight for the former's title of lightweight champion of the world, at Los Angeles, in a scheduled 20 round bout.

ABOUT THAT DECISION

Facts and Fancies for Fans.
By Timothy Turner

THE boxing battle in the over river town Sunday developed in only one and thing, the decision. We have waited 24 hours to cool down from the heat, to recover from the shock. And we are to say that we feel the same way about it today, as we did just after the fight.

Another reason for the delay in this epic, is that we wanted to make a thorough investigation of the affair, whether it was a frame decision or simply pure wooden-headedness. Those who stoned the fight are as strong in their denunciation of the decision as are the fans—and everybody else—and it does not seem possible that there was any frame for the decision to be a draw if the boys went the 20, and if there was no number produced. That the boys fought their best is doubtless.

Then what? The next worst thing to seeing a poor fight is hearing a poor decision. But decisions are elastic things, as with the baseball umpire, and fans should be cool and employ all charity and broadmindedness. We have tried both, and after all we see the excuse. How anyone who knows boxing could do such a thing. I prefer Herick's style of boxing to that of Morrow, know more of the Chicago boy and naturally would favor him if there was any chance to do so fairly. But one round for Herick, five draw rounds—and those giving him all the best of it—and all the rest for Morrow is all I can see for the life of me.

When we went to boxing school they taught us one thing. The three boxing points should go this way, defense, blows landed on the head or body and aggressiveness. If Morrow didn't have all three we will buy a pair of smoked glasses. While Herick is more of a pretty boxer, Morrow landed more straight arm blows, left jabs, than did Herick, and even on the distance fighting outpointed him, or broke even if it may be. What's left? Let us know tomorrow.

What Mr. Gasser says about points 60-40 is an error, however. That was the way the purse was split, and had nothing to do with the points. Regarding the 900 points for Herick and the 1,000 for Morrow, the referee must have had an automatic counting machine in his pocket, or a wonderful capacity for statistics. Five newspapers, impartial and most of them favoring Herick's chances before the fight, were unanimous in declaring Morrow an easy winner. The newspaper decision was made immediately after the last round, and no one of the scribbles had a chance to gossip with any other or be influenced in any way. Two of them were keeping close tabs on the rounds, blows delivered and received.

No, the promoters should not be blamed as far as we know; neither should the referee, for that matter. He probably did the best he knew how.

Jack Herick, idol of local fight fans, surely got his. Why it is difficult to say, and it is a pity, to my view, that a crouch boxer ever comes out ahead. But Morrow's crouch is a good one, much higher than Jim Jeffries or Jim Flynn's, and Tommy Ryan should be proud of his boy. He surely is a digger. Jack is a big strong boy, and Morrow's failure to produce a profound unconsciousness—as the doctor says—is natural enough, taken together with Herick's only apparent ability in the fight, his clever ducking. Jack seemed to have everything for a better except a persistence, his blows being too undecided and timid—too much fiddling. And in that he lacks the slumber ship, not from lack of muscle but from poor timing of the blow so that it will plant at the proper moment when his body is behind it and when the opponent's weight is coming forward. But a return match with open break would be a pretty even, and Jack might show Herick a few things about sparring that were learned from old Harry Gilmore and were handed down from the time of James Figg.

BRYAN AND SCHUTZ
GET CLEAN VICTORY

Bryan and Schutz took all the points in two men boxing at the Cactus club Monday night, while Hardiker took the honors, game at 223 and a total of 597. Bryan scored an easy strikeout. Play in duck pins will be held Tuesday night. Scores:

Bryan	181	156	172	509
Schutz	182	156	172	510
Totals	363	312	344	1019
Callisher	125	125	125	375
Hardiker	223	183	191	597
Totals	258	318	316	1024

KIEFER MEETS SOME
FORMER EL PASOANS

Harley Kiefer has returned from a trip through east Texas, Louisiana, Indiana, Kansas and other seaports. While in east Texas Harley took a trip at professional baseball with the Marshall club. While in the South Central league he met a bunch of the old time El Paso professionals, including Hewitt, Ramsey, Kane, Merritt who are all playing in the new league in south central Texas. Hewitt is married, Harley says, and has settled down in Tyler, Tex., where he is playing some fast ball.

GIBBONS FLOORS
ENGLISH CHAMPSid Burns, Welter, Gets All
the Worst of Boxing
Battle With Mike.

New York, N. Y., July 2.—It took Mike Gibbons five rounds to dispose of Sid Burns, the English welterweight champion, in a scheduled 10 round bout at Madison Square Garden last night. The St. Paul boy sent the visitor down on more than one occasion, Burns taking the count toward the end of the fifth, while unconscious. The fight was furious throughout. Gibbons weighed in at 159 1/4 pounds and Burns 148 3/4.

Gibbons made play of his opponent from the start with left jabs and right uppercuts. The constant jabbing drew blood from the Englishman's nose in the first round. Gibbons knocked Burns down for a count of two in the third round with a right hook to the jaw, and in the next round repeated for a count of nine, and when he arose, put in a left hook to the jaw, and his man down, completely out. At the count of eight the bell rang. Burns' seconds worked over him desperately but he was unable to recover in the minute's intermission.

POLICE FINISH IS
EXPECTED AT VEGAS

East Las Vegas, N. M., July 2.—Last night referee E. W. Smith announced that the final details of the battle will be discussed and decided upon today. Both Jack Johnson and Jim Flynn have requested Smith to give a decision should there be a "police finish" as they wish the winner designated should the fight be stopped. They say they want an official decision and not a newspaper decision. Johnson and Flynn were called into conference with referee E. W. Smith, who explained his interpretation of the rules under which the men will battle.

The day saw the first real rush of arriving fight fans. Hotels are crowded and private residences are filling rapidly. Plans have been perfected to fill the local railroad yards with parked sleeping cars beginning tonight.

Capt. Fred Fornoff, of the New Mexico mounted police, has been put in charge of the arena. He announces that he will see to it that the state anti-gambling laws are enforced and the fourth is celebrated in a safe and sane manner.

LIGHTWEIGHTS IN PINK
AND CAN MAKE WEIGHT.

Los Angeles, Cal., July 2.—Ad Wolgast and Joe Rivers announce that they are ready to enter the ring Thursday for the lightweight championship battle in the best conditions they ever were in.

It was announced that Wolgast weighed 130, at which weight he expected to enter the ring. Rivers' weight was announced as 132, but it was said that the Mexicans would go to the ring at 122.

Betting swayed somewhat, and Rivers' money was more in evidence. Many bets were placed at 2 to 1 on Wolgast, but now 10 to 7 seems to be the prevailing odds.

Omaha, Neb., July 2.—Batteries: Des Moines, Dodge and Hanson; Omaha, Rhodes and Johnson.

SOUTHERN LEAGUE.

At Memphis—R. H. E.
At Chattanooga—R. H. E.
At Birmingham—R. H. E.

TEXAS LEAGUE.

Club Standings. Won. Lost. Pct.
Houston 48 25 .652
San Antonio 41 25 .615
Dallas 43 26 .619
Beaumont 34 29 .540
Austin 35 43 .445
Galveston 30 44 .405
Fort Worth 30 45 .400

Monday's Results.

At Houston—Beaumont-Houston; rain.
At San Antonio—R. H. E.
At Galveston—R. H. E.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Club Standings. Won. Lost. Pct.
New York 51 32 .613
Pittsburgh 37 28 .567
Chicago 35 28 .554
Cincinnati 34 29 .540
Philadelphia 34 32 .515
Brooklyn 25 37 .403
St. Louis 27 42 .391
Boston 20 47 .299

Games Wednesday.

Brooklyn at New York.
Philadelphia at Boston.

Monday's Results.

At Philadelphia—R. H. E.
At Brooklyn—R. H. E.
At Cincinnati—R. H. E.

At Philadelphia—2d game.

At Brooklyn—R. H. E.
At Cincinnati—R. H. E.

At Pittsburgh—R. H. E.

At Des Moines—R. H. E.
At Des Moines—R. H. E.

BOXING PROGRAMS OPENED IN TOWN
OPPOSITE DOUGLAS, AS AT JUAREZBobby Weaugh to Meet
Frankie Gage, as the First
Card July 14.

Douglas, Ariz., July 2.—Douglas and Agua Prieta, the adjoining Mexican towns, are all agog over the prospects of the coming gladiatorial contest in the latter place, which will eventuate on July 14, between Bobby Weaugh, of Texas, and Frankie Gage, of Los Angeles. There have been many old and new mooners since the people of this vicinity have witnessed a sample of the genuine article of fist and foot, the coming event is looked upon as rather recherche.

The innovators of this new form of athletic amusement in this vicinity are Jack Fogarty, the southern California heavyweight and live wire who came here a month ago, and Fred Sloan, of this city.

When governor Hunt vetoed the boxing bill these two hunters went direct

to Agua Prieta and secured from the comisario and governor Jose Maria Maytorena a concession for one year, for holding unlimited round boxing contests. To show the authorities of the state of Sonora that the concession would not meet the opposition of the citizens of Douglas, a petition was circulated, and in four hours the paper had attached to it the names of 500 persons, and the most of them insisted on buying tickets right away to the first contest. Yet the two daily papers here recently commented editorially on the fact that the respectable and business element of this vicinity did not want boxing legalized.

It is said that this little Texan, Weaugh, is some "bear cat" in action, and Frankie Gage carries the terrific juice in either hand, and is as clever as most lightweight. Gage is 22 years old, and an ideally built athlete. He reminds one of the once famous Mexican Herrera while in action. Gage has a following here that will back him liberally against anyone in his class.

Contests will be held semi-monthly and liberal purses will be offered to men of class.

NOT A GENUINE FAN

Little Stories About Baseball

By W. A. Phelon

THE prejudice against the negro ballplayer is a strange and a deep-rooted thing in baseball circles, and all through the country. Little leagues and big, from Maine to Mexico, the prejudice holds sway. The African is barred from the places where the in-laws is made royally welcome, and the athlete of negro blood must not presume to mingle in white baseball society.

Strange to say, the white ball players, even the haughty southerners like Cobb and Sugars will gladly play games against Cuban clubs, composed mostly of black men. They will play exhibition games against negro teams, treating the black man with the utmost cordiality and fairness, but will not tolerate negroes in their own crowds or in the white clubs of the same league. Formerly there were a few clever negro ball players in the big leagues, one of the best being Walker, a black catcher who was as good behind the bat as any white man of his time. It was said of Walker that when he was entering Tony Mullins' office to stand for a negro's giving him battery signs. Walker then agreed to work without a battery sign of any kind, and the battery of Mullins and Walker proved one of the most successful of the season. Now and then a negro man has slipped over the bars, passing himself off as a white man, and has quietly vanished from the game, doubtless to turn up, under some different name, with one of the strong negro teams that tour the country. Three or four men who, for a little while, looked like wonders in the big leagues disappeared that way, and to this day the fans marvel why such clever athletes should have quit and left no word behind. Some of these players were so near white that they fooled the northern athletes completely, but almost every ball club now contains two or three sons of Dixie, and you can hardly deceive them on a negro.

A few years ago a first baseman broke into one of the major clubs, and he was a corker. He could hit and run and field like a demon, and his good work did fair help to his team right up toward the flag. This fellow had played maybe twenty games, and was doing splendidly, till one day his team arrived in Washington. Among the spectators that afternoon was a Virginia congressman, a typical southern colonel, who didn't attend ball games, but was an A-1 rooster when he did. The congressman sat down in one of the front boxes, watched the first two innings happily, and then rose from his seat, eyes staring, and gasping fairly hissing. At this instant, the new first baseman came galloping over for a foul fly, and got it right in front of the box where the old colonel was sitting. The colonel cleared right into the face of the ball player, and the latter as if stricken by paralysis stood rigidly immovable.

"Sam, yo' useless black rascal," cried the congressman, "what are yo' doing here? Presuming to associate with white gentlemen, are yo' just like yo' nelly, yo' black scoundrel, Ah always said yo' was the most worthless trash around mah plantation."

"Finishing just a little, the ballplayer heard the words that sealed his doom and exiled him from the company," he had begun to grace so well. Slowly he threw aside the big glove, and began to walk away. But as he went he turned, halted for one instant and exclaimed: "Yo's done got me, Marce Robert—but Ah'll tell yo' dis—if yo' was a genuine fan, yo'd never done it!"

AFTER WOMEN WHO
BET ON THE RACES

Lexington, Ky., July 2.—A new rule offered to state race commission yesterday has for its avowed purpose the prevention of women's placing bets on the races through betting commission, which has heretofore been a evasion disgrace at all of the tracks.

The rule provides that associations licensed by the racing commission shall permit pari-mutual machine only in the betting ring and that no betting commission shall be employed to carry to or make any bets in the machines and that no tickets shall be sold except in the betting ring. That rule is adopted women will have to go to the betting shed in person, if they desire to wager on horses.

CHICAGO WOMAN
WIN GOLF PLAY

Chicago, Ill., July 2.—Midlothian Country club of Chicago yesterday won the Crafts W. Higgins trophy, emblematic of the team championship of the Women's Western Golf association, according to incomplete returns received last night. In the play by teams of four women at various clubs against par, 18 holes, the Midlothian team finished only three down.

Additional Sport on Next Page.

A MEETING
By W. F. Kirk

"D ON'T you remember me, Mar-

quard?"

I asked a rooster just after

the game.

"I want to shake hands with a win-

ner. You deserve every bit of your fame."

I jumped from the stand just to mitt

you.

The moment I saw you pass by,

What's that? Are you sure you can't

place one?"

"You've got me," was Marquard's

reply.

"It's only three years," said the stran-

ger.

"Since I sat in this very same park; I

was in a tight suit, you remember."

And my fourthhand necktie was dark.

It seems mighty strange you'd forget

me.

But you'll place me all right when

you know

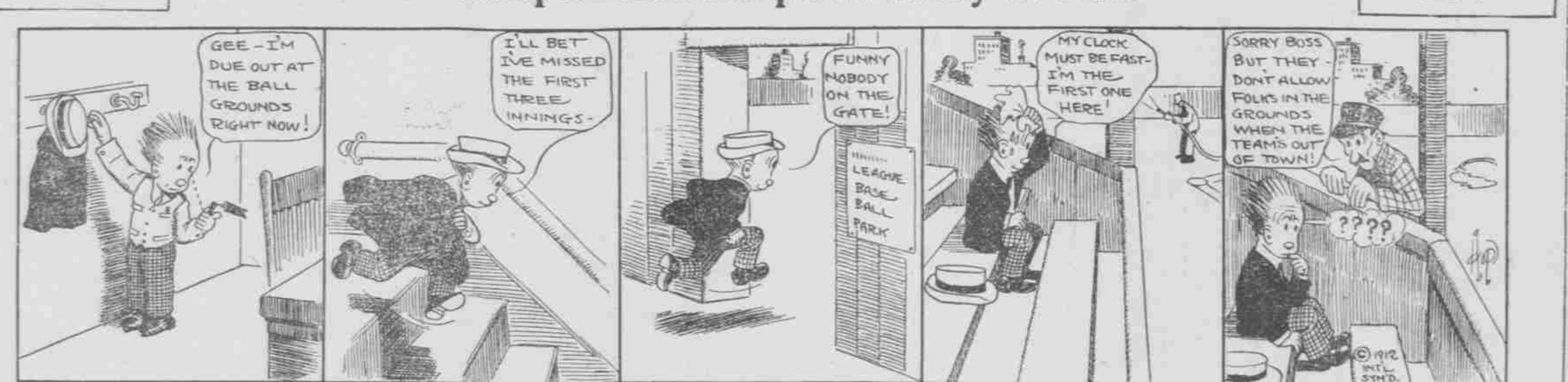
I'm the fellow that called you a

"Tern!"

When I watched you three seasons

ago."

It Developed That Scoop Had Plenty of Time

SCOOP
THE CUB REPORTER

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